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air of Edgardo, the final air which will remain as one of the sublimest pages in the Italian repertoire, would have been sufficient to place Donizetti among the number of the most illustrious composers of his time, even had he not previously written *L'Esule di Roma*, *Anna Bolena*, *Lucrezia Borgia* and the *Elisir*, in the same manner that *La Vestale* and some pieces of *Fernand Cortès*, have sufficed to render the name of Spontini immortal.

I spoke of the final air of *Lucia*.

The whole world admires this piece, all the tenors take pleasure in singing it, all artists and amateurs prefer it; it has enjoyed celebrity and popularity—even that of the musical-boxes and hand-organs, which might have been spared it, but no one knows, or few people could tell under what strange circumstances that air was composed.

We have mentioned that the maestro was at Naples. He lived in the Rue Nardones, which gives in to the great artery called Toledo. One evening he was in his *salon* with his wife, M. Persico, the baritone Correlli and the tenor Duprez. They were playing cards. The two latter were to represent at the San Carlo the roles of Ashton and Edgardo. The maestro had one of those sick headaches which rendered at times his life insupportable.

He struggled as much as possible against the pain, for he knew as soon as he gave up to it he could only go to bed and remain there until the next day.

His friends perceived, from his pallor and the gross mistakes that he committed in playing, the indisposition which was coming over him, and they advised him to retire to his room. Donizetti resisted for some time, hesitated, and finally was obliged to yield.

The three friends and Madame Donizetti remained in the *salon*.

A half-hour had hardly elapsed; they thought the maestro was dozing, when a violent ring of the bell was heard.

Madame Donizetti hastened away.

"Bring me lights, and a sheet of ruled paper," said her husband.

"What folly!" said Virginia, "in your state to wish to work! That would be to kill yourself."

The invalid insisted. New prayers on the part of Madame Donizetti that he should do nothing.

At length he ended by saying in a tone that admitted of no reply:

"Do as I say, and leave me."

The poor woman obeyed.

Another half-hour went by. A new ring of the bell.

This time it was to extinguish the candles and draw the curtains.

"And what have you written, *mon ami*?" demanded Madame Donizetti.

"The final air of the tenor. We will look at that to-morrow."

Madame Donizetti returned to the *salon* and related the circumstance.

Duprez made a face.

"And so," he murmured, "it is upon me that his bad humor is to fall! He chooses for the chief piece of the opera, for the final air, which I am to sing, the moment when he feels so badly."

Then he added aloud:

"You will permit me, Madame, to return to-morrow morning early, to see what concerns me almost as much as himself."

He returned the next morning, and was truly astounded.

I even believe that, God forgive him! he blessed the fortunate attack of headache.

[From the Times]

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS—MENDELSSOHN'S NEW SYMPHONY.

The concert of Saturday afternoon began with a very admirable performance of Cherubini's brilliant overture to *Anacreon*, but neither this nor the two vocal pieces that followed, although one of them was "Di piacer mi balz' il cor," from Rossini's *Gazza Ladra*, extremely well sung by Miss Katherine Poyntz, a *débutante*, with a clear, fresh soprano voice of which we shall in all probability hear more in the course of the forthcoming musical season, excited much interest. The enormous crowd assembled, among whom might be recognized a larger number of amateurs, professors, and connoisseurs than are ever to be seen on any but the most extraordinary occasions, was attracted by the announcement that, for the first time in England, and for the second time in Europe, would be performed an unknown symphony by Mendelssohn. The Symphony in D was composed in 1830 for the celebration of the anniversary of the Augsburg (or "Augustan") Confession, the confession of faith drawn up by Luther and Melancthon, and laid before the Emperor Charles V., at the Diet of Augsburg in 1530 (June 25th), by the Elector of Saxe and other German Princes—the first political recognition of the reformed belief. In 1830, in commemoration of this event, there were special church services in the day, with illuminations and other popular rejoicings in the evenings, all over Germany. The Roman Catholics, however, not merely stood aloof from the festival in honor of the triumph of their antagonists, but got up riotous demonstrations in several large towns, principally Berlin, Dresden, and Leipsic. Angry discussion, prognosticating still more serious consequences, almost everywhere threatened interference with the peaceable manifestations of the fête; and, doubtless in anticipation of something of the kind, Mendelssohn, whose symphony was to be given at Leipsic, withdrew it, in the hope of finding some other occasion for submitting it to the public when opinion as to its merits would not be influenced by religious or political differences. Two years later the new work was taken in hand by the directors of the Conservatoire Concerts in Paris, and, after several rehearsals, was about to be produced. Unforeseen circumstances, however, once again intervened and the first performance of the *Reformation Symphony*, was in Berlin (November, 1832), at one of the three concerts instituted by Mendelssohn himself in aid of the "Orchestral Widows' Fund" of that city. Since then, for thirty-five years, it has lain neglected among the MSS. of its composer. Of all the great musicians—and he is surely among the greatest—not one exhibited such reserve and self-denial about his own compositions. Now that he is gone, it is for his survivors to render him that justice which, with far-fetched punctiliousness, he too often denied himself. It is quite enough for them to know that for many years he kept by him the *Italian Symphony*, which at the most is inferior, if inferior, to the *Scotch Symphony*, to justify the lovers of his music in attaching small importance to the hypercriticism he

himself was wont to exercise in its regard. That any alterations he might have made in his pieces would have been alterations for the better, no one for an instant doubts. But he can make alterations no longer; and the world of music is only too grateful to take whatever he has left, satisfied that not a work from his pen exists that does not contain at least something too precious for oblivion. In no single instance, looking at what has already been selected for publication from among his posthumous manuscripts, has this failed to be the case; and till an exception comes to light we may fairly persist in believing that no such instance is at all likely to occur. One thing is certain—Mendelssohn left no instructions to his executors that his unpublished works should be destroyed. On the contrary, he carefully wrote out and dated every one of them. What, then, is to be done? Let us suppose a case that is by no means impossible. The MSS. might change hands. The careful guardians who hold them now might bequeath them to others less qualified to look upon them as a sacred trust. And it is not extravagant to suppose that they might possibly come into the possession either of persons indifferent to music, who would eventually dispose of them as useless lumber, or, still worse, of persons not indifferent to music, but indifferent to other considerations, who, without ideas of their own, would find in them an abundant supply of that in which they themselves were wanting. That half a dozen musical representations might be built upon the contents of Mendelssohn's *reliquæ* will, as things go, hardly be denied. But better times have come. The scruples of his survivors, whatever they were, would seem to be set at rest; and it affords us real pleasure to state, in correction of a widely-spread belief, that to Herr Carl Mendelssohn, the son, and another near relative of the illustrious master we are exclusively indebted for the works that have recently been produced (the Trumpet Overture, the "Songs without Words," &c.) together with others about to be produced, the publishers having no further hand in the matter than belongs to them simply as publishers. It is well to state this, which we do on the best authority, inasmuch as it will go far to remove an entirely erroneous impression—an impression calculated to give pain and umbrage where neither are deserved.

The grand symphony in D—the *Reformation Symphony*, so-called—though still in manuscript, was performed on Saturday afternoon, under the direction of Herr Manns, in presence of the largest audience ever assembled in the concert-room of the Crystal Palace. A more admirable performance was never heard; a more complete triumph has rarely been achieved.

To convey any clear impression of such a work without resorting to the aid of examples in musical type, which would be only of service to musicians, is impossible. Nor to ordinary readers would a technical description of its plan, divisions, and general development be of the slightest use. Mendelssohn himself insisted that the meaning of a musical composition could not be explained through the medium of any other language than its own, and that if that language expressed nothing to the hearer it would be to no purpose attempting to translate it into another. But now that the unburied work is the universal topic in musical circles, and, through the splendid perform-

ance at the Crystal Palace may be said already to have established its claim to rank as one of the master-pieces of its composer, it would hardly suffice to inform the many who not having been present are curious about the result, that the symphony in D "is a very fine symphony, in three parts, composed for the occasion of the 300th anniversary of the Augsburg Confession." We shall, therefore, in as few words as practicable, endeavor to give some account of it, and to state the impression which two hearings, at the rehearsal and at the public performance, produced, not upon ourselves alone, but upon the great majority of those who attended either or both.

The symphony begins with a movement—*andante* (in D major)—the gravity of which at the outset proclaims the work in hand to be of serious import. The opening phrase, led off by the violas, is immediately answered by the violoncellos, and carried on in that imitative style which we are accustomed to associate with the higher order of Church music. When this has been developed, or rather in the course of its development, the wind instruments give out unisonally a second theme in strongly marked contrast, which the stringed instruments answer by a soft melodious strain, modulating in full harmony to the dominant cadence. With this, twice repeated, the short introduction is brought to a pause. It may be stated here that the cadence, or response, in question formed part of a Roman Catholic Church service; that it caught Mendelssohn's attention at Dresden, and that, being much struck with it, he adopted the resolution of giving it a place in the symphony which was then engrossing his thoughts. Those who choose to speculate upon his poetical intention may discover in this introductory prelude the earliest indication of what is to follow—the dawn of a new faith, striving against the mental incertitude that precedes conviction. Nevertheless, solemn and impressive, it suggests rather peace than conflict. Not so, however, the movement that follows—*allegro con fuoco* (in D minor.) Here all is conflict, and that of the stormiest. The opening, in unison, for all the instruments except trombones—a conspicuous feature of the principal subject—bears a close affinity to, nay, immediately springs from, the unisonic preamble (already noticed) to the second theme of the introduction. Its frequent occurrence throughout the movement, either identically or in a modified shape, keeps attention incessantly awake to the fact that the Roman Catholic faith, as symbolized in its music for the church, is still the predominant question.

The two important themes upon which this magnificent *allegro* is built, though forcibly contrasted, lend themselves readily to its almost evident design—that of a prolonged struggle between contending principles. The first (in D minor) has the breadth and vigor of Beethoven; while the second (in A major,) the announcement of which again seems to spring from the unison passage in the introduction, reveals the fascinating individuality of Mendelssohn. Both are wrought out with masterly skill, in the midst of subsidiary matter which may be taken to represent the fierce and obstinate contest that is being waged. Just as the climax would seem to be at hand it is arrested by the reappearance (in D major) of the harmonized cadence from the Catholic Church service—as it were the last lingering look

back at a once cherished belief about to be abjured. After four bars, however, assigned as before to the stringed instruments, the prevalent character of the movement is resumed in a *coda*, or peroration, equal in interest to what has gone before. The preamble to this *coda* is a sort of condensed epitome of the *allegro con fuoco*, in slower time, more sparingly instrumented, and soft instead of loud—as though the last reminder of the old faith had brought with it regret without conviction. The idea of this is altogether new, and as strikingly effective as it is new. The remainder of the *coda* is in the same style as the *allegro*, before the intervention of the Roman Catholic cadence. An exciting *crescendo* leads up to a *fortissimo* for the whole orchestra; and the movement proceeds in a more impassioned style, till, with a repetition of the unisonic preamble to a few bars of the opening theme, it ends, somewhat in the manner of the first movement of Beethoven's ninth symphony, which is in the same key. To say another word about it would be superfluous; enough that this first part of the *Reformation Symphony* is in all respects worthy its author. Equally so is the movement that follows (*allegro vivace*), consisting of a *scherzo* (in B flat), with trio (in G.) Only Mendelssohn himself could explain what this movement signifies in the main design (as is generally held) to have been in immediate connection with the rise, progress, and triumph of the Protestant faith. It little matters now, however; and when we say that it is difficult to decide which of its two divisions, the *scherzo* or the *trio*, is the more charming, we have said all that is requisite. The audience on Saturday pronounced a decision emphatically favorable, by encoring the movement, which was accordingly repeated from beginning to end. It was hard to resist the influence of melody so frankly rhythmic and unobtrusively captivating.

The third and last section of the symphony consist of four movements, linked together so as virtually to constitute one organic whole. We know of nothing in music more speakingly pathetic than the opening (*andante*, in G minor,) and we can easily understand how it may be intended to convey a feeling of despondency engendered by hesitating incertitude with respect to the most serious problem of life. In this movement the violin speaks in eloquent tones that go straight to the heart, and stir it to its depths; and just as it pauses, with a brief and unexpected allusion to the second theme of the *allegro*, upon the major harmony of the key, the theme of the Lutheran choral, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott" (*andante con moto*, in the key of G), the first bars of which are heard from a single flute, unaccompanied, comes like a gleam of sunshine unexpectedly lighting up a chamber where before there had been utter darkness. Mendelssohn has recourse to the rough and popular version of his tune, not to that which appears three times in J. S. Bach's 371 *vierstimmige Choralgesänge*, and which Meyerbeer, overlooking the fact that the early French Protestants were not Lutherans, but Calvinists, has introduced in the *Huguenots*. How he has treated it; how, after the solitary flute has given out the first three bars, the oboes, clarionets, bassoons and other wind instruments alternately enrich the harmony, joined ultimately by the violas and violoncellos (divided), the

violins taking no part until the variation that follows (*allegro vivace*, same key), in which to a triplet accompaniment of stringed instruments, the broken snatches of the theme are heard at intervals from clarionet, oboe, flute, &c., the whole culminating in the vigorous and brilliant preamble of the *finale*—*allegro maestoso* (D major)—must be left to the imagination of the reader. In the final movement itself the most ingenious devices of counterpoint are brought to bear upon themes the one more bold and striking than the other. Of these not the least important is the tune of "Ein feste Burg," which, however, does not make its reappearance until the first subject, a fugal episode in the relative minor, and the second subject in the dominant major have been given out at length. From this point, however, the old Lutheran choral is heard struggling for mastery—now on one instrument, now on another, often seeming as if it would gain the victory, but as often temporarily though never quite defeated. The second theme, first given out by the instruments of wood and brass alone, is of a jubilant character, as though to represent the inward conviction of one sure that in the end the truth must prevail. A fugue for stringed instruments occurs twice, the theme of which may recall that of an episode in the chorus, "Be not afraid," from *Elijah*. On the second appearance of this fugue, when the oboes join in the delivery of the theme, and it is much more elaborately worked, the choral "Ein feste Burg," dispersed among wind instruments, makes head against it; but the fugue goes on as independently as if it had encountered no antagonist, and the combination of the two is one of the most interesting and masterly points of the *finale*. Others might be cited, but we must be content to name the episode at the close of the first part, after the peroration of the jubilant second theme, where, first in snatches from isolated instruments, then in full harmony for the whole of the "wind," it pursues its way, to the accompaniment of a new and striking figure for the violins and other "strings," *staccato*. To conclude, the working up of the whole, after the second delivery of the fugue, in combination with the choral, and the reappearance of the second theme, in the ruling key of the movement, is in Mendelssohn's best manner. The climax is put off with grand effect, and when at length it is reached, the leading phrase of "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott" being given out in lengthened notes by the entire orchestra, *fortissimo*, we feel that a noble effort has been nobly and thoroughly achieved.

Upon the relative position which the *Reformation Symphony* is entitled to hold by the side of its composer's other great works, we need not speculate here. That it will obtain very general acceptance, as among his best, we cannot reasonably doubt. Meanwhile, if first impressions count for anything, the enthusiasm exhibited by the audience at the Crystal Palace may be regarded as a significant fact. It should never be forgotten that this symphony was completed in 1830; and that, as Mendelssohn was born in 1809, it was the work of one who had not yet attained his 22d year. But it did not require the *Reformation Symphony* to prove that in regard to precocious talent its composer stands forth as the most wonderful phenomenon of which the musical art can boast. The very idea of such a work

being devised and planned out by a mere youth is extraordinary enough: the fact of its thoroughly successful accomplishment is still more extraordinary. But now that we have got it it can speak for itself, and, or we are greatly deceived, it will speak to future times. Often as it has been our agreeable duty to praise the orchestra of the Crystal Palace, and Herr Manns, its admirable conductor, we have never been able to do so more unreservedly than now. What would Mendelssohn himself have said to such a performance? At Berlin, in 1832, he could have heard nothing like it—nor, with deference, at Paris either, even when Habeneck was conductor of the orchestra of the Conservatoire, much less now, with M. Georges Hainl from Lyons at its head.

THE RAINY DAY.

BY GEN. D. C. M'CULLUM.

How oft' the sire the son hath told,
Above all else lay by thy gold!
Remember this old adage, Tom,
That charity begins at home.
Be careful, boy, for who can say
When God shall send thy rainy day,
Thy rainy day?

Be prudent, son, in youth be wise,
And let thine elders thee advise.
As years roll on thou'lt surely find
'Tis folly to be over-kind.
In all thine acts let caution sway;
Hold all thou hast for rainy day—
For rainy day.

Let spendthrifts all exult to tell
How sympathy their bosoms swell,—
How happiness their hearts doth thrill
In mitigating human ill,—
'Tis crime, my boy, to give away
What thou may'st need for rainy day—
For rainy day.

Ah! see yon miser grasp his pelf,
With not a thought beyond himself,
Whose demon eyes see nothing good
But glitt'ring gold—his life, his food.
Yea, gold he has, but who dare say
That he'll not see dark, rainy day—
Dark, rainy day.

God's curse must rest upon that heart
Whose interests are from men apart—
A wretch, whose selfish, narrow mind
Is deep disgrace to human kind.
The time must come when no bright ray
Shall beam on his dark, rainy day—
Dark, rainy day.

Oh! place some confidence in man,
Nor dare thy neighbor's heart to scan,
For who can tell where strikes the rod?
Of this let judgment rest with God.
On side of mercy lean away,
Nor dread nor fear thy rainy day—
Thy rainy day.

Poor child of earth, what's life at most?
A few short years in tempest tost.
Ah! turn thine eyes to heavenly shore,
Where deeds of mercy go before.
Though thou may'st err, be kind always,
And God will cheer life's rainy day—
Life's rainy day.

[From the Boston Musical Times.]

FRANZ SCHUBERT AND JOHANN MAYRHOFER.

In a gloomy room, on the third floor of a house in the Wipplingerstrasse, at Vienna, there lived, in 1820, two men, who seemed to be very unfit for each other.

The oldest, a middle-sized man, had a somewhat staring look, his mouth being frequently distorted with a sarcastic smile. He was sitting with a pipe in his mouth and a guitar in his hand, thoughtfully looking downward. His hand touched the instrument from time to time. This was Johann Mayrhofer, the poet.

His companion, who was younger, was remarkable for his fat, round face, his pouting lips, his large eye-brows, his flat nose, and his curled hair, which gave a Moor-like appearance to the whole head. This was Franz Schubert, the king of song.

They had lived but a short time together, but had been for years acquainted.

Though Mayrhofer's poems, generally more heroic than lyric, seemed to be little adapted for musical composition, the all-conquering talent of the youthful composer, who, during his short life, composed upwards of six hundred songs, overcame those inapt forms. Who ever heard of any of the compositions of the youthful maestro—who had no type—who incessantly created new songs—without being touched by them. His music awakens longings in our hearts.

The fate of the house in the Wipplingerstrasse—namely, that of being forgotten—would have been shared by Mayrhofer's poems, had not Schubert given to the poet's words so beautiful a garment of music. As it is, they are uninterruptedly brought before the public, and Mayrhofer's name combined with Schubert's melodies, is wafted to posterity.

The young composer leans on the window-sill, and looks down upon the gloomy street. In memory, he wanders back to Lelecz, the country-seat of Count Esterhazy. They played, they sang, and Caroline his only pupil, and first love, was singing his songs and playing his compositions. And now, behold, a carriage passes through the gloomy street. A charming young lady sits in the carriage, which is drawn by fiery Hungarian horses. She unconsciously looked up to the window; Schubert recognized her. His face wore a sudden look of pain; he had been thinking of her, and now she passed his house. The name of Caroline was on his lips. Mayrhofer, who had slowly approached the window, saw his emotion. He commenced laughing, as he was used to do, and looked around for his stick, to use it as a spear against his friend, saying in the Viennese dialect, "Was halt mich dennab du kloaner?" But Schubert did not this time take the friendly joke. Without a word, he went to the piano, and commenced to play his "Divertissement à la hongriers," with those melancholic gipsy-melodies which, in former days he heard at Lelecz. On a sudden he sprang up, and cried, "Therese awaits me!" and went away. While he was hurrying towards Lichtenthal, where Therese Grob—whose clear sweet voice touched the high D—had to sing his songs for him, the poet sat at home, and stared at the floor. More and more he forgot what was going on around him, so that he did not observe when his landlady, Frau Sanssouci, entered the room, and repeated the often-told story, that

Theodore Korner, during his sojourn at Vienna, had lived in that very same room, and that he was a very gay young man. He could not understand how it was that Franz cared so little for his love. He silently took up his pen, and turned his attention to some historical work, which he had undertaken to write. In the evening, when Schubert entered, he had, after his daily work, given audience to his muse, and with a new poem for music, he had advanced towards his friend. It is the one in which his poems is mentioned under the title of "Der Einsame." Schubert listened, nodded, as a sign of his approval, and laid down on the bed, putting his spectacles on his forehead, as he was used to when meditating, and for some time remained silent. Then suddenly he arose, sat down at the piano, saying, "I have found it!" and played the new composition. In this way the poet and composer assisted each other.

Years have passed. Mayrhofer and Schubert do not live together any more. The former has become morose, and is more and more estranged from life, whilst he avoids all gay society—especially after the failure of the edition of his poems, which he had published at the request of his friends—whilst he can only smile at his dear Schubert's songs. Schubert enjoys life. Schubert is comfortably sitting with his friends, the poet Bauernfeld, the painter Schuore, etc., in the "Ungarische Krone."

They are walking, gay and happy, through the dark streets, after having drunk the fiery Hungarian wine. They go in the direction of the Danube. The moon is shining through the clouds which are parted by the wind. They do not know and do not guess in their mirth that there is a man standing on the bridge near them, staring at the roaring waves which seem to call to him, "Come, come! Down here there is repose and peace!" They neither see nor guess that the man jumps into the Danube, and is taken out after a few minutes by a sailor who had watched him. They arrived when the man was standing on the shore, and to their greatest surprise they recognized him as the unfortunate poet Johann Mayrhofer. All joking has ceased. Schubert takes the hand of his unfortunate friend. But the latter withdraws it, and wildly laughing, cries:

"I hadn't thought that the water of the Danube would be so cold," and moves away without greeting or thanks. The friends determined never to speak of the occurrence, and they kept their word, for Mayrhofer's attempt to commit suicide was not disclosed until after his death.

The 19th of November, 1828, drew near. Schubert's compositions had more and more found public applause, but as yet he hardly earned a living. He never understood how to profit by his works. The private concert which he gave in March, previous to his death, and in which only his own compositions were played and his first and last—just as the Countess Caroline Esterhazy was his first and last pupil—perhaps because she had been his only and hopeless love; a love of the greatness of which she had perhaps no idea. What he had written about himself to a friend had become true, namely; "Imagine a man whose health will never recover, and who, in despair thereof, makes it constantly worse instead of better; imagine a man, I say, whose brightest hopes are destroyed, to

COPENHAGEN.—A new opera, *The Maid of the Alders*, by Herr Hartmann, is in active preparation.